

THE ARIZONA CHAMPION.

VOL. 1.

PEACH SPRINGS, MOHAVE COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

NO. 18.

SAINT & CLELAND,

Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and dealers in Fresh Vegetables, Oysters, Fish and Poultry.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

WEEKLY CHAMPION.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A. E. FAY, Proprietor.

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We make a special business of COUNTRY ORDERS, having a portion of our store set apart for that special purpose, and experienced men at the head of this department insure satisfaction to the distant patrons of our house.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, WILLIAMS, Arizona.

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DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR, NOSE AND THROAT TREATED EXCLUSIVELY. Office—Lafayette Block, opposite Temple Block, Los Angeles, California. Office Hours—9 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico. "Se Nabin Espanol."

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico. C. C. McComas, District Attorney 2d Judicial District, Albuquerque. Catron & Thornton, Santa Fe.

JAS. T. SAUNDERS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office—No. 5, Cromwell Block, Albuquerque, N. M. Will practice in all the courts. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Collections will receive prompt attention.

DR. JOHN F. PEARCE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Over City Drug Store, cor. Third and Railroad Avenue, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

G. S. EASTERDAY, M. D.,

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, OFFICE, Over City Drug Store. Consultation by letter will receive prompt attention.

DR. C. M. KIMBALL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Over Phelan's Drug Store, Harrison Building, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Stevens & Co.,

(Successors to Stevens & Murphy.)

PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

—DEALERS IN—

GROCERIES

Miners' Outfits,

Clothing,

Toilets,

Tinware,

Notions.

Hardware

Best Brand Flour,

Powder,

Shot,

Cartridges,

Hats,

Caps,

Bacon and Hams,

Boston Baked Beans,

Table and Pie Fruits,

Canned Meats,

Sugars,

Tens,

Lard,

Milk,

Gents' Underwear,

Complete Suits,

Fancy Shirts,

Dress White Shirts,

Etc. Etc.

Best Brands of

LIQUORS!

Always on hand.

Best Cigars in Market

The Bar.

There is a well fitted Bar attached.

MISCELLANEOUS

Hackberry RESTAURANT!

J. T. DAVIS,

PROPRIETOR.

Clipper Club

And Sample Rooms.

Railroad Avenue,

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

The Clipper Club and Sample Rooms keep constantly on hand choice old McElroy's Whisky and good cigars.

BRADLEY & WESTLAKE, Prop's

SIGN OF THE REVOLVING LIGHT.

Jno. M. Miller,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

CABINET SALOON,

PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

Keep constantly on hand the celebrated McElroy's and Hermitage Brands of Whiskies, and a splendid assortment of Cigars.

Only 15 Ball Pool Table in Town.

Lunch Counter attached where meals are served day and night.

PATRICK CANAVAN,

—DEALER IN—

Clothing, Boots & Shoes,

For Laboring Men,

PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

Best Brands of

Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand.

GIVE ME A CALL.

THREE PRAYERS.

Beneath a cross, beyond the town,
Before a shrine for sorrows made,
Three simple maidens knelt down,
And from their hearts devoutly pray'd.

One dreaming of created things—
The purple sea, the perfect sky,
Bright happy birds with painted wings,
Glad buds that bloom before they die,
The waving woods—the scented air
Clung to her heart, and through her sighs
Was heard the gentle maiden's prayer:
"Oh, give me beauty for my prize!"

A hidden furnace seemed to glow
Within the second maiden's breast;
She heard the stirring trumpet blow,
She saw the warrior's plume and crest;
Ambition dazzled in her eyes
That life's reward—a deathless name,
Then from her heart came stifled cries:
"If I may live, oh, give me fame!"

The third fair maiden knelt apart;
Her eyes—a heaven star'd with tears,
Her white arms folded on her heart,
She faced a mystery of years.
A sudden rapture seemed to lift
Her very soul to heaven above;
"Be mine," she prayed, "this priceless gift!
Let me be loved by one I love!"

The mince pie graced the festal board,
Making its juices rare,
And the mouth of the baby waters the while
He vieweth the treasure there.

The doctor smileth a wan, sad smile,
And heaveh a crocodile moan,
And the marble man goeth out into his yard
And polisheth up a stone.

And the undertaker mournfully asks
"What will his measure be?"
While the sexton labels a spot "reserved"
Under a willow tree.

EGENE FIELD.

THE MYSTERY OF HAZEL DELL.

We had heard of a furnished cottage to rent for the summer, and my niece was eager to go and see it.

It would be so much nicer than boarding at a hotel, she said, and though less enthusiastic than May, I was thoroughly tired of the bustle and confusion of the Linton House, and thought the change might be an improvement.

We had the necessary directions, and the distance was about two miles, so we rode leisurely along, enjoying the fine landscape, hill and dale, meadow and woodland, and hardly noticing a shady lane that branched from the highway.

But at last, feeling sure that we were wrong, we halted, uncertain whether we should proceed or not. Just then a gentleman, mounted on a splendid chestnut horse, drew near, and I inquired if we were on the road to Hazel Dell.

He informed us that we were several miles from it, and that we were going in an opposite direction. Then he volunteered to show us the way, and also told us that he was the owner of the cottage.

He was a man of thirty-five apparently, large and fine-looking, with dark, curling hair, and eyes that seemed melancholy, almost hopeless in their expression.

We turned back, and he rode beside the carriage, occasionally pointing out objects of interest, and when we reached the shady lane that we had passed so carelessly, we found that it led to his cottage, a curve of the avenue concealing it wholly from the highway.

We uttered exclamations of delight as we came in sight of the place, for it was charming.

The cottage was built in Gothic style; the grounds were extensive, and filled with trees and shrubbery.

There were flowers, winding walks, and rustic arbors, and just in front of the cottage a miniature fountain sent up a shower of silvery spray.

The cottage was gray in color, with brown trimmings, and it had innumerable little piazzas, and balconies, and bay-windows that gave a quaint picturesque to the structure.

There seemed nothing wanting to make the place a little Eden.

"Oh, what a delightful home, Mr. Elmsford!" exclaimed May, enthusiastically. "How happy you must be!"

"Do you think so?" he questioned, and the look of unutterable sadness that flitted across his handsome face told that even this Eden-like spot had not escaped the "trail of the serpent."

May said that she had unconsciously roused unpleasant thoughts, and quickly changed the subject.

Then he assisted us from the carriage and led the way in-doors; and charmed as we were by the external arrangements, we found the interior not less pleasing.

The rooms were fitted in luxurious style; the walls were hung with rare paintings; marble statuary filled niches; the light shone through windows of stained glass.

There was a miniature conservatory full of exotics, birds swung in gilded cages, and shining gold-fish sported in crystal globes.

After looking at the various apartments, we decided to take the house for the summer, and Mr. Elmsford named a price that seemed unreasonably low, but which he declared was ample.

The only reserve was a wing of the house that he had not opened for our inspection; a more secluded part, that extended from the main building toward a bit of woodland which sloped down the valley.

"I suppose you have heard the rumor that somehow got abroad, that the house is haunted," Mr. Elmsford said before we left, and he smiled faintly.

Yes, Mrs. Linton of the hotel had taken pains to inform us, but we were not inclined to be superstitious, and

May told Mr. Elmsford, with one of her sweetest smiles, that we would risk the danger for the sake of spending a summer in such a lovely place.

May had dimples in her cheeks that gave an indescribable charm to her fair face, and though she was still heart-free, there had been suitors who had vainly sought her hand.

Their attentions were an annoyance, and she had persuaded me to spend the summer in the country. Thus we came to be inmates of the Linton Hotel, and now we had found a place so much pleasanter that we deemed ourselves most fortunate.

It did not take long to have our luggage transferred from the hotel to the cottage, and in a small house belonging to the place, where lived Mr. Elmsford's agent, we engaged our meals.

There was absolutely nothing for us to do but to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of our new home.

We rambled in the woodland, and followed the meanderings of a musical little brook that went hurrying along down the valley.

We took long drives, for Mr. Elmsford placed at our disposal a spirited little pony and phaeton, while in-doors we revelled in the literary treasures of an extensive library filled with the choice works of ancient and modern authors, and the tables were strewn with the current literature of the day.

The summer was passing, and we were living an enchanted life. We had been at Hazel Dell two months, and it was midsummer.

We felt perfectly safe, strangers seldom intruded at the cottage, and as the heat became fervid, we slept with open casements.

"Not a sound have we heard that cannot be accounted for, if the house is haunted, Aunt Elinor," May said to me one day, and I did not contradict her; but all my life I have been inclined to wakefulness through the earlier portion of the night, and several times, while trying vainly to compose myself to sleep, I had heard something that sounded like a woman's voice, a shrill scream, that was rarely repeated, then I would try to fancy I had been dreaming, but whatever it was the sound was always the same, and it seemed to come from some distance.

But I would not tell May. She was happy, to happy, I sometimes feared, for scarcely a day went by without a call from Mr. Elmsford. He was stopping close by, the said business yet detained him, and he liked to look in and see that we were well and happy.

Our sleeping rooms were on the second floor, and the long windows opened on to a balcony.

The pillars supporting the balcony were festooned by climbers, and at one corner a large grape vine clasped its strong arms about the post, and completely hid it with its rich leaves. It was full of fruit, the great, green clusters giving promise of a delicious feast a little later.

One night May had retired early, and after a time I followed her. A door from her chamber opened into mine, and this we kept unclosed, so that we seemed almost together. I looked in; she lay upon her snowy couch, her unbound tresses floating like a veil of spun gold over her pillow, and she was sleeping soundly the restful sleep of health and innocence.

Then I went to my own bed but sleep had taken wings. A feeling of restlessness took possession of me and I longed for morning. It was long past midnight and the moon, full and bright, flung its silvery rays through my casement. Something, I knew not what, prompted me to rise and look in upon my niece.

Ah, shall I ever forget the sight! Standing by her bed, and bending toward her with uplifted hand, was a tall, spectral-looking form, and the moonlight brought to view a glittering blade in her grasp that seemed just ready to descend upon the unconscious sleeper.

I uttered a cry of terror that re-echoed through the silent house, and the infuriated creature rushed toward me, and with superhuman strength clutched at my throat. Again I tried to make myself heard, but I was powerless, and then I knew nothing more.

I opened my eyes to find daylight stealing into my room. May, with a pale and wistful face, was sitting by my side.

I tried to rise but it was an impossibility, for my right arm was helpless.

Then May told me what had happened.

The maniac, for such she was, had entered her room from the balcony, and my cry had averted the blow from her intended victim, but the knife designed for May had severely wounded my arm.

My outcry also brought relief, for her attendant rushed in just in time to save my life; the baffled woman had fought with the desperation that madness gives, and suddenly snatching the knife from the floor she plunged it in her own bosom and died almost instantly.

The maniac was the wife of Rupert Elmsford. He could not bear to send her away, and the neighboring house had been fitted up for her. It had always been deemed secure, but with the cunning that usually characterizes insanity, she had escaped, and a merciful Providence had interposed to preserve our lives.

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